

The Principia.

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1862.

TO OUR FRIENDS.

We are happy to announce that the subscription to the \$6,000 capital stock of the "PRINCIPIA ASSOCIATION" has now filled up, and we resume, with this number, the regular issue of the paper. We thank God, and take courage. Never were utterances of radical reformatory principles more needed. Never were they more readily received by the masses.

Not a few of our friends have expressed an anxiety, bordering on impatience, for the reappearance of our sheet, at this critical crisis, especially as so few publications, if indeed any, are seen to occupy precisely the position in respect to national necessities and duties that the Principia maintains. In these anxieties, we have largely participated, and have spared no effort to enter again the field of discussion at the earliest possible hour. We commenced, indeed, giving out copy to the printer, without knowing, with certainty, from whom or from whence, the last four of the sixty shares were to come, though trusting that they would come. Not until half the columns were in type, did the mails bring us, from a distance, the balance desired.

The addition of Drs. Gray, B. CHEEVER, D. D., to the corps editorial, and an increase of our list of regular correspondents, and occasional contributors, are among the improvements secured to the paper, which we trust will bring us many new subscribers, and impel the old ones to make renewed efforts for its circulation.

This number will be sent to some who are not new subscribers, with the request that they will add their names to our list without further solicitation. Please address all business letters to J. W. ALDER, Publisher of the Principia, Box 4381, New York.

Letters for WILLIAM GODELL, for M. LANTIER, B. WILLIAMS, or to their care, should be directed to Box 4381, New York.

AGENTS FOR THE PRINCIPIA.

M. B. WILLIAMS, New York city and vicinity.

GEO. W. LIGHT, Boston, Mass., city and vicinity.

JOHN MCCORM, Worcester, Mass.

ELISHA GAIN, Flint, Mich.

T. M. CHISHOLM, New Bedford, Ms.

JOHN WINSOR, Canandaigua, N. Y.

LORD WHAT WILTHOU HAVE ME TO DO?

This question, which was the beginning of the life of the greatest of the inspired Apostles, is as suitable and necessary for a nation as it is for individuals. It is the proof of genuine conversion, governmental as well as personal. It is the certainty, also, of national as well as personal salvation, when this is the record of a genuine determination, the assumption and development of the new, guiding principle of life and character. When any government seriously proposes this question, in acknowledgment of its obligations to follow the will of the Supreme Governor, its career of prosperity and glory is sure.

When Pilate, the governor of Judea, stood before the Lord and governor of all worlds, he asked him, what is truth?—but not what is duty? Had Pilate put this question, Lord, what wilt thou have me to do? perhaps the kingdom of Judea would have remained in glory until this day. Many are in the way of a general careless pursuit of truth, who not only do not desire to know the way of duty, but are constantly contriving some concealment of it, some defence against it, some excuse for not pursuing it. Indeed, a present seeming interest, is put in the place both of truth and duty. Therefore it was that Pilate, though constrained to say, I find no fault in him, nevertheless delivered Jesus to be crucified, alleging the will of the people, and excusing himself on the ground that he was bound to ask what they would have him to do.

There is an infinite difference between those two formulas, *What wilt thou?* and *What wilt they?* The first looks upward, and the other downward. The one asks for divine guidance, the other, merely human. The impulse of the first is heavenly, of the other, earthly, and it may be lower still. The first is principle, looking to divine wisdom; the other is mere temporary expediency. The enquiry of the first is, how to rise to a permanent salvation?—of the last, how to escape from a present emergency?

We shall endeavor to direct the attention of the country, so far as our words can have any influence over any human beings in it, to God and his Word, as our Supreme Governor and guide, in the path of duty and of safety; to justice and righteousness and equity as the only foundation and end of government as ordained of God; to the accomplishment of justice and the deliverance and defence of the oppressed, as our authority from God in the prosecution of the war, and crushing of the rebellion. We shall show the obligations on the part of our government and people to fulfill and execute these high purposes of the Constitution, in the use of all the powers committed to us of God for that end. Especially, that our President and Congress, government and people, are bound to apply every moral agency and energy, of justice and freedom, and to drive the war power in strict subordination to the civil, for the execution of justice, and the security of liberty to the last degree, and without respect of persons, for all the inhabitants of the land.

We shall endeavor to make this journal in every respect a valuable religious, literary, social and family newspaper. The pursuit, development and illustrations of genuine principles, in religion, literature, government and morals, without respect to denomination, or party, will be our object.

We shall endeavor to bring out into view the buried and neglected supremacy and power of our Constitution, for justice and liberty, and to arouse the people of this country to insist upon the universal acknowledgment of that supremacy, and the application of that power, under God, as always our right and duty, and now especially for the destruction of every element and energy of rebellion, and the active deliverance of the whole colored race are such, and the question of our policy towards them so completely the question of our own prosperity or ruin, that if a dozen journals in the City of New York were wholly devoted to the consideration of this work it would not be giving it too much attention. This matter must occupy the leading minds and philanthropists of our country for a long time to come. When we take it up in the spirit of humanity and justice, acknowledging and no longer ignoring the rights of others as well as our own, and coming to the work in the spirit of the great question, *Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?* we shall be saved as a nation, and the time of our own deliverance and redemption will have fully come.

WORK AHEAD!

What use will there be for such a paper as the Principia, after the first of January, if slavery should then be abolished? enquired somebody, a few days ago!

How little did that man understand the work undertaken by the Principia!

The momentous "if" involved in the question, deserves a moment's attention.

"If" the President's proposal be endorsed by the North, and accepted by the South, there is to be no emancipation at all, in any of the States, but on the contrary, so far as the Proclamation is

concerned, the curse of slavery is to be fastened upon the country more firmly than ever. The principle will be then established, as the joint result of the war and the pacification, that "loyal" states are to be protected in the privilege of slaveholding forever!

"If" on the other hand, the Proclamation of emancipation takes effect in the rebel States, leaving the so-called "loyal" slave States in possession of their slaves, under the proposed offer of compensated emancipation, to be accepted or rejected at their option, then, as in the former case, the right of "loyal" states to hold slaves, if they please, would be equally recognized.

So that, in either case, the work of abolishing slavery, will still be on our hands, as before, and until there shall be a public sentiment demanding emancipation for all. The acceptance by the people, of principle of the Proclamation, would be a new and serious obstacle to emancipation, requiring the renewed and more vigorous efforts of abolitionists.

The offer of compensation immeasurably increases the difficulty to be overcome, because it is understood to be a national recognition of the right of property in man, a national concession that the nation has no right to protect its own native inhabitants, without the purchased consent of the slaveholders! Not until the Principia, or some other medium of moral influence, shall have succeeded in branding with infamy and scathing with popular indignation the "wild and guilty phantasm" that man can hold property in man, that Government must needs first purchase one portion of its subjects from another portion of its subjects, before it can protect the former from the barbarism of the latter; not until all this is exploded and executed, will the way be prepared for restoring the functions of civil Government, in defence of despotism, anarchy, and rebellion.

Here is work enough to occupy more than one weekly newspaper, for some time to come.

But suppose slavery were abolished to-morrow, in every one of the States, and the Union restored, on the basis of universal, impartial freedom. What next?

Why then, the way would only be prepared, by the removal of the chief stumbling-block, to begin the great work of moral, social, political and religious regeneration, for the fartherance of which the religious and political journals of a free country should devote themselves.

As soon as slavery shall be abolished, there will be an opportunity for Christian philanthropists to commence the arduous work of educating, enlightening, and guiding the emancipated colored people, teaching them letters, giving them Bibles, furnishing them with suitable literature, including periodicals, newspapers, &c., abounding in such advice as they most need. A similar work will be needed for the poor ignorant relics of the South, all which will require "Principia," or something of the sort, to stir up Northern Christians to do their duty, in this direction, and also to circulate among "our Southern brethren."—If slavery is abolished, we shall expect a demand for Principia, at the South. We are sending some there, already.

When slavery is abolished, abolitionists, here, as in Great Britain, will find work enough to see to it, that the slaves are protected in their just and legal rights, and to counteract and expose the falsehoods that will be circulated against them, for the purpose of creating the belief that abolition has proved a failure.

There will be prejudices to be overcome, false notions to be eradicated, bad habits to be broken up, evil customs to be done away, the family relation to be restored, the free-school and Sunday-school to be established, churches to be built up, colleges to be founded.

Is all this to be accomplished without the aid of a newspaper press devoted to the object?

So much for the colored people, and the South. But this is only an item in the general enterprise, for which the Principia was established.

Its "one idea" includes vastly more than the liberation and education of the blacks of the South. The whole field of Christian faith and practice is open before it, and was, from the first, in its plan. "First principles in Religion, Morals, Government, and the Economy of Life." Is there no occasion for a better understanding and a more faithful application of these?

Have we not theologians who have scarcely bestowed a thought upon the vital connection between theology and ethics—between ethics and politics, between politics and religious character, between all these, and the life of God in the soul?

Have we not devout worshippers who have not yet learned that righteousness includes a regard for human rights, that all unrighteousness is sin, and that he only that does righteousness is righteous?

Have we not Ministers, Christians, and Churches, anticipating and laboring for the conversion of the world, who have never enquired whether the Kingdom of our Lord and of his Christ, until the light of God's word shining from the pulpit, shall have instructed men in their civil and political duties, growing out of God's Constitution of Civil Government, to which all human institutions, Compacts, and Statutes, Jurisprudence, and political Economy, must be conformed?

The Temperance cause, is that so prosperous a condition, that nothing more can be done by the public press, for its advancement? Has it so strong a lodgment in the fostering bosom of the Church, or under the protecting wing of the State, that the further diffusion of its principles and claims may be spared?

Are its principles better understood, or its claims more regarded, now, than they were a quarter of a century ago? Have we gone forward, or backward, within that period?

A score of similar inquiries might be added. But these may suffice to suggest an answer to the query whether President Lincoln's Proclamation of either Slavery or Freedom, for the rebel States, without, at present, deciding which, will not supercede the necessity of publishing the Principia, after the first of January next?

The Christian pilgrim, half way up the hill, difficulty may halt, to take breath, in the arduous, but only that he may gather strength and courage to go forward and face the lions.

If he falls asleep, and loses his roll, he will have to travel twice the ground that needed to have been trodden but once. Long tracks are yet to be measured, step by step, before the Delectable mountains will rise in sight. He that endureth to the end, the same shall be saved.

That "all is quiet on the Potomac," does not prove that all is inactivity in the camps and councils of rebellion, of their northern allies, and of the infernal Courts that inspire them, from beneath. Never were all the Spirits of mischief more active. Never was there greater necessity for watchmen on the walls, with trumpets of confusion or uncertain sound. Never was there occasion for the sacramental host of God's elect to be more watchful and vigilant, armed at all points, ready to strike in the direction most needed.

G.

WHAT IS THE PRESENT POSITION OF OUR GOVERNMENT?

Mr. Greeley, in the Independent, says, speaking of what the President's Proclamation accomplishes, that "it places our Government distinctly, unequivocally on the side of Freedom, as against Slavery." We wish that it did, but we cannot see how.

And we confess we cannot exactly see the agreement between this and previous expressions of opinion by the same writer in the Tribune, and also in the Independent. Before the issuing of the President's recent Proclamation, Mr. Greeley

said, "If the nation should now buy back the rebels to lip-loyalty by new prostrations before the bloody Molech of the South, the whole world would see that we had succumbed to slaveholding treason, and would cry shame, at our abasement."

And in the Independent, article of Sept. 25th, he declared, that "by repudiating their rebellion, the rebels may save slavery; by their submission to the Constitution, and adhesion to the Union, slavery would survive the rebellion."

And in the Tribune, speaking of the effect of the Proclamation, he wrote that "A prompt, simple, unqualified return to loyalty, will yet save the great body of the Southern Rebels from all further pains and penalties than those they have already inflicted on themselves. The Constitution was the safeguard of their local institutions, as long as they were faithful to its requirements; it will protect them afresh from the moment of their return to loyalty, provided they do this within the liberal term accorded to them by President Lincoln."

Now if the President's proclamation invites the rebels to return to loyalty, and so save their slavery, guaranteeing its security under the Constitution and in the Union, and if, as these expressions of opinion intimate, the government is pledged to such protection of their slavery, provided they will pledge the government their loyalty, it is difficult to perceive that this places the government on the side of freedom against slavery.

On the contrary, it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that it places the government on the side of slavery against freedom. At least the millions of the slaves would say so, if they could be consulted, as to the meaning of the offer of their continued slavery, and the sacrifice of their freedom, in return for the consideration of the loyalty of 300,000 slaveholders.

A government that offers the ownership of three millions of slaves, as a bonus and a bribe, for the submission of two hundred thousand slaveholders, in rebellion against the government, a government that guarantees that ownership in perpetuity, if they will lay down their arms, and return into the Union, can hardly be said to have placed itself distinctly, unequivocally, on the side of freedom against slavery.

Mr. Greeley's earnest desire to have the government set right in this matter, and to see the Union established for freedom and against slavery, has led to this encouraging statement. We wish it were true. If it were, then the controversy is ended, and our salvation is sure. But if it is not true, nothing could be more disastrous than to make the public believe that it is.

The result of such a mistake, will be an overweening confidence that all is now right, and a halting before we are out of the woods, which will bid direct the rifles of our enemies. We shall throw aside our own weapons, and leave the whole ground for the adversaries of freedom to traverse at their leisure. It will be as if four armies were made to believe that the rebels had retired from the conflict, and were going to pursue it no longer. Our eagerness to accept a half settlement is a weakness approaching to insanity, and it will do no better, it will ruin us. Never were vigilance against the wrong and obduracy in the right more necessary to our safety than now.

No mixture of slavery can be permitted, none should be endured, in any arrangement proposed for the submission of the rebels or any accepted. The proposition of their coming back as slaveholders is treason against God, against the people, and against humanity itself. It is a proposition to bring back into the upper chambers of our house the strong man armed, and seven devils, to renew the uproar of hell.

In an admirable letter of Mr. Greeley in California, in 1859, entitled "My Political Views," he stated two sections of them thus:

"I hold, with Thomas Jefferson, in the Declaration of Independence, that human government is 'derive their just power from the consent of the governed'—that it is their proper function and imperative duty to protect every rational, innocent human being, within their jurisdiction, in the full enjoyment of their 'inalienable rights'—that among these are 'Life, Liberty, and the pursuit of happiness'; by any means not prejudicial to the public well-being."

"I hold, consequently, that any government which, instead of upholding each rational, non-criminal citizen or subject in the full enjoyment of these 'inalienable rights,' deprives or restricts at their overthrow, in the case of a minority, a portion, or even one, of its subjects, is recreant to its most sacred obligations, and in so far a false, usurping, tyrannical government, undeserving of respect or obedience."

Let these sentences, the truth of which is indisputable, be applied to the offer by this government of the sacrifice of the *unalienable rights*, not of one, or a few merely, of its subjects, but of millions, for the sake of the *loyalty* of a few; for the slaveholders are few, in comparison with the number of the enslaved. By these sentences, let the offer of the government be judged, as set forth in the Proclamation, to secure the continued enslavement of three millions of its subjects, to their pretended owners, the rebels, provided those rebels will lay down their arms, and declare themselves loyal, within three months' time.

If any people will accept such an offer and such a position, as placing their government unequivocally on the side of freedom and against slavery, it is evident that they mean freedom only for themselves; and such a people would deserve and must experience the wrath of a just God. Our miseries are only begun, if this be the mode in which we mean to have the great controversy settled.

G.

ANTI-ETAM—WHAT IS A WORD?

It is a singular thing that the policy of lenity, indecision, and delay, which has marked the conduct of the war against the slaveholders' rebellion,—a policy produced by a treacherous sympathy with slavery itself, and the tenderness of friendship towards the cause of the rebellion,—should have culminated at the last battle-field, in a name. The word might describe the whole character of the policy, both moral and military, thus far, from the beginning. *Anti-etam*. Don't eat 'em up, don't consume 'em. Love enough of the rebels, always, to retreat, rally, and make a respectable stand. Leave enough of the rebellion for a respectable compromise. If you eat 'em all up, their slavery is consumed accordingly. There will be nothing of it left, not enough to found a respectable party watch-word, not by any means enough even for a political hack, to use in the next Presidential contest. *Anti-etam* is the word, and afterwards, eat with them, smoke the calumet of compromise and peace, and bring the whole country, North and South, to its old happy way of grinding out the negro, and making money under the Union as it was.

ANTI-ETAM, don't consume 'em, but eat and treat with 'em, for the Union as it was. If we need be, take Richmond, and spread the table there; treaties are often made in the capital city of the enemy; but let the basis of the treaty be, the final order of all military evolutions. "As you were?"

There are high authorities for this lenity. *Anti-etam*, was the name of a great battle-field in Judea, when God, on the contrary, had ordered the destruction of the enemy. A new compact with the spared enemy restored the Union as it was. Was it not a most friendly, peaceful and benevolent transaction?

"Thy servant Benhadad saith,—Servant, forsooth! 'Is not my brother?'—"Alas, yes! thy brother, Benhadad!"

So much for the preliminaries! Graceful, courteous, the highest style of diplomacy, especially when the high contracting powers are agreed that justice and God's will are mere abstractions, that cannot be permitted to interfere with the prerogatives of governments.

The preliminaries being settled, brother Benhadad and brother Abah can enter into particu-

lars. The "new base" comprehends the old tenor. There being nothing of principle on either side, a mutual interest is enough for amity.

"If you'll give me a paper of love, Then I'll tell you where love begins!"

But Pilate and Herod can make a league, the cement of which shall be, a common hatred and oppression. "Then Benhadad came forth to him; and he caused him to come into the chariot, and he smote him, and he sent him away."

And Benhadad said unto him, The cities which my father took from thee in Damascus, and then shalt make streets for thee in Damascus, as my father made in Samaria. Then said Abah, I will send thee away with this covenant. So he made a covenant with him, and sent him away."

One of the most impressive records of inhuman lenity and a cruel compromise, regardless of God, and of the rights, the conscience, and the happiness of the people, in all history! The enemy of the country was spared, on account of his kingdom being based on a common iniquity which both monarchs were agreed in tolerating; that iniquity being the source of nearly all the crime and misery of the land. On agreeing to restore the Union as it was before the war, the Monarch of Israel resented this barbarian from the execution of the edict of God against him, and let him go.

Now it is proposed, on the return of the rebel slave States to submission under the Union, to receive them, and their slavery, back into the Union, their slaveholding rights untouched and guaranteed. This proposition is an awful defiance of the Almighty, and if it be accepted, and slavery thus saved and restored to its supremacy, then in all probability the decree will go forth, that because we would not, when God gave us the opportunity and the command, slay this common enemy of God and man, we shall ourselves pay the penalty and be sacrificed. Thy life shall go for his life! It was the plain alternative. Thy own prophets, even your political prophets, have not failed to announce it; either death to slavery, or death to the republic; either slavery must be destroyed, or your liberties. You have accepted the alternative, and spared slavery. Take now the consequences, and let your own judgment be executed.

God, in infinite mercy, forbid that we should be permitted to plunge ourselves, in such madness, into inevitable ruin. Yet it is deliberately contemplated and proposed.

GOD AND JUSTICE, SUPREME.

If there is a God, God rules, and will not accept hypocrisy for sacrifice, nor will rule by injustice. The doctrine of expediency, instead of the word and will of God, as the right guide of governments, does as effectively put God out of the World, as the barest Atheism. And if out of governments, so out of all human affairs, out of communities and corporations, and out of the management of men's business concerns in their respective firms and circles. A man has the same right to act with reference to expediency, that a country and a nation, and a world, have the same right to be the sole judge of expediency. If governments are not bound by the will of God, neither are their subjects; so that this modern doctrine of expediency, especially when sanctioned by any school of theology, sets Satan on the locomotive of the social train, and runs the whole race, "without God in the world," rapidly down to perdition.

A passage in Carlyle's Essay upon Diderot rebukes this practical Atheism, appearing in the shape of Mammon and Expediency as a God. If we must have a god without the attributes and authority of Jehovah as revealed in his word, we would rather take the Jupiter of old heathenism, than this kind of modern Expediency.

"This whole current hypothesis," says Carlyle, of the universe being a Machine, and then of an Architect who constructed it, sitting as it were apart, and guiding it, and seeing it go—may turn out an insanity and nonsense, but it is not less terrible; with which result likewise we shall, in the quietest manner, reconcile ourselves. 'Think you,' says Carlyle, 'that God made the Universe, and let it run on its own way, and that the Architect, that Metaphysical jury-burly of our poor, jangling self-justifying time, ought at length to come into the picture, that seeking for a God there, and not for the Almighty and immediately in physical Nature, and not inwardly in his own soul, where alone He is to be found by us,—begins to get weary. Above all, that 'faint possible Theism,' which now forms our common English creed, cannot be too far from the truth, that the world, as it is, is the nature of that individual, who with hysterical violence theoretically asserts a God, perhaps a revealed Synod and Worship of God; and for the rest, he thinks, would be found living as if his theory were some polite figure of speech, and his theoretical God a mere distant Spinozianism, with whom he, for his part, had nothing further to do? For! The Eternal is no Spinozianism; God is not only True, but Here, or nowhere, in that life-breath of him, in that act and thought of him,—and then we were to look to it. If of the same word of peace, honor, power, and happiness to nations obeying God and doing righteousness, to present the claims of great humanity throughout the world, for the opportunity of advancement, for knowledge, for the gospel to do, in a word, for society, for mankind, for government, just what Newton in his 'Principia' did for Astronomical Science and its adjunct Arts, is surely a great thing. You will not be disturbed by competition, in this attempt. No Newspaper will consider you as infringing its province. You will have an open field and a fair chance, to test your Principia."

Shall your enterprise be supported? It ought to be, surely. But "this kind" cometh not except by the toil with which it was decreed that our first ancestor should earn his bread. It is planting in a garden filled with stones, briars and weeds. Other newspapers gain immense circulations with little effort; they cater for the popular appetite. Other newspapers assert anti-slavery sentiments, and seek to ride gaily, but in hand, and vaulting on the topmost crest of the great wave of popular progress. They succeed, but the people teach them, and not they the people. The people read these papers, and get back their every-day thoughts, in holiday dress. They are pleased, as is natural with parents, who see their children assembled for a May-day frolic. Other newspapers there are, true friends of the Slave, but which create an obstacle in their own way, by according to the Constitution that pro-slavery interpretation always claimed for it, by slaveholders, until the present rebellion. These are driven to the war power as a refuge, and only seek a remedy for the great evil, in the accidental or contingent effect of the military emergency. This leads them to that subservience and acquiescence to the war power, which is due only to the highest and most sacred form, function, and essence of government. They hang their hopes on some accidental blot of the military arm. They worship the accident which that arm, in its operations, may incur. The next thing, in their esteem, is the arm which may commit the accident; and the last, in their respect, is the body to which that arm belongs. None feels it to be that the body of this nation make unto itself a new heart and a new spirit; then, every low struck, whether civil or military, will be for freedom and justice.

But this is labor, like salubrious a bad habit, like making riches out of poverty, like putting off the old man and putting on the new. Who will join in this labor? Who will help? Shall you join, acceded. Liberty, Justice, the Republic, woe-stricken humanity throughout the world, all call upon us. Let each subscriber, each believer in the Principia, be an agent to increase its circulation. I will agree to furnish you twenty new subscribers within the year, and if others will co-operate so that one need not feel, that he is working almost alone, I will double that number.

Yours, &c., A SUBSCRIBER.

Yet where are the signs of our National repentance? Are they seen in our pertinacious policy of attempting to suppress the rebellion without destroying the infernal slave system?

Are they seen in the President's Proclamation for the continuance of that policy for more than three months longer, with a threat of resorting, then, to emancipation, in the rebel states, unless they shall, in the meantime, cease their rebellion, and submit to the Union, by sending Representatives to Congress; in which case, their slavery is to be left undisturbed, as it is also in the loyal border states?

Is this repentance? Is it not rather an aggravated repetition of the sin, in the midst of the tokens of divine displeasure against us? How can the nation expect relief from divine judgments, while it refuses to repent, and hardens itself in rebellion?

THE CRISIS UPON US.

We resume the publication of the Principia, in the midst of what appears to be our great national crisis. The probability seems to be, that the destiny of the country is to be determined by the manifestations of northern sentiment that may be brought to bear upon the Administration, between now and the first of January.

The President's Proclamation clearly designates that day as the point of final decision between freedom and slavery. One or the other is, henceforward, to be the controlling idea of the national Government. The policy of vacillation, compromise, and middle-ground, between the two, is then, to be abandoned. The slavery propagandists are allowed the further opportunity, during the interim, to step into the Capital, and take direction of the national legislation, if they will. The invitation is open and above board. If they refuse to accept it, the fault will be their own, and the President will be at liberty to let loose the negroes—and abolitionists upon them, without further interference of the Government to prevent it—may, with the aid of the Federal arms to establish freedom. But if the slaveocrats accept the offer, the President will help them to carry out their programme, according to the declaration made in his inaugural, his Message, and the letter of Mr. Secretary Seward to Mr. Adams. The old order of things shall be restored, as in the days of Polk, Pierce, and Buchanan. The anti-slavery legislation of the last Congress will then, of course, be repealed, and, as the Tribune hints, they can have a revision of the Constitution, as proposed in 1861, shielding slavery from harm in all coming time. The principle of the Dred Scott decision, as approvingly expounded by Pres. Buchanan, will then settle the point that no State has a right to exclude slavery, any more than "the State of Kansas" was allowed to have. The Supreme Court, in the pending case of Virginia versus New York, respecting the release of Mr. Lemmon's slaves, will then apply the same principle, and will declare that the State of New York can exclude slaves. All this would follow, as a matter of course, if the rebels should consent to send members to Congress, and if Congress should receive them, in accordance with the President's offer.

It is for the free North to decide and declare two things: first—whether it ratifies the President's offer, and will abide by it, in case the rebels accept his proposal. Second, whether, without reference to their acceptance, or non-acceptance, and without waiting for their decision, they will not demand freedom for all the American people?

As the people of the free States decide these points, and signify their wishes, so will the destiny of the republic be settled.

New York, Oct. 20th, 1862.

Editor of the Principia.

Dear Sir: Your paper is now to issue under improved auspices. It is either of great importance, or no importance: a great matter, or nothing. To add another weekly journal to the thousands now published is, of itself, surely, nothing. To issue such a journal with no eye to mere expediency, no purpose of party manipulation, with no partisan or sectarian color; but for the purpose of bringing present exigencies in review before God's authoritative revelations, and to take such stand in the advocacy of freedom and justice as these shall be first, to demand and exact from the government, for the slave, all that a great and true lawyer would demand and exact from Court and jury in behalf of his innocent client on trial for his life, to interpret the Constitution for freedom, to maintain the Union as the Constitution thus interpreted would make it, to hold up justice and civil liberty, as the great law and object of civil government, and this without respect of persons, or distinction of color or race, to promulgate the warnings and threatnings of the Bible against governments, bad and unjust, and refusing to perform the divine will, to hold up the promises of the same word of peace, honor, power, and happiness to nations obeying God and doing righteousness, to present the claims of great humanity throughout the world, for the opportunity of advancement, for knowledge, for the gospel to do, in a word, for society, for mankind, for government, just what Newton in his 'Principia' did for Astronomical Science and its adjunct Arts, is surely a great thing. You will not be disturbed by competition, in this attempt. No Newspaper will consider you as infringing its province. You will have an open field and a fair chance, to test your Principia."

Shall your enterprise be supported? It ought to be, surely. But "this kind" cometh not except by the toil with which it was decreed that our first ancestor should earn his bread. It is planting in a garden filled with stones, briars and weeds. Other newspapers gain immense circulations with little effort; they cater for the popular appetite. Other newspapers assert anti-slavery sentiments, and seek to ride gaily, but in hand, and vaulting on the topmost crest of the great wave of popular progress. They succeed, but the people teach them, and not they the people. The people read these papers, and get back their every-day thoughts, in holiday dress. They are pleased, as is natural with parents, who see their children assembled for a May-day frolic. Other newspapers there are, true friends of the Slave, but which create an obstacle in their own way, by according to the Constitution that pro-slavery interpretation always claimed for it, by slaveholders, until the present rebellion. These are driven to the war power as a refuge, and only seek a remedy for the great evil, in the accidental or contingent effect of the military emergency. This leads them to that subservience and acquiescence to the war power, which is due only to the highest and most sacred form, function, and essence of government. They hang their hopes on some accidental blot of the military arm. They worship the accident which that arm, in its operations, may incur. The next thing, in their esteem, is the arm which may commit the accident; and the last, in their respect, is the body to which that arm belongs. None feels it to be that the body of this nation make unto itself a new heart and a new spirit; then, every low struck, whether civil or military, will be for freedom and justice.

But this is labor, like salubrious a bad habit, like making riches out of poverty, like putting off the old man and putting on the new. Who will join in this labor? Who will help? Shall you join, acceded. Liberty, Justice, the Republic, woe-stricken humanity throughout the world, all call upon us. Let each subscriber, each believer in the Principia, be an agent to increase its circulation. I will agree to furnish you twenty new subscribers within the year, and if others will co-operate so that one need not feel, that he is working almost alone, I will double that number.

Yours, &c., A SUBSCRIBER.

Dr. CHEEVER'S DISCOURAGEMENT.—A series of discourses by Dr. CHEEVER, on Immediate and entire Emancipation, according to the will of God, as our only national salvation,—will appear in the Principia, commencing week after next. Those desiring extra copies of the papers containing them, for circulation, will please send in their orders. Price 2 cents per copy or 3 cents if to be sent by mail, as the postage must be pre-paid.

Orders should be sent immediately, so that we may know how many to print.

COLLECTION OF PENSIONS, BOUNTIES, and SALARS and Soldiers pay.—We have pleasure in calling attention to the advertisement of Messrs. NORTON, GILBERT & CAMP, who have established an office at 111 Broadway, in this city for attending to the important business above named. From our own personal acquaintance with two of the partners, and from the highly respectable names to which they refer, we can have no doubt of their competency, industry, and fidelity in the prosecution of the responsible work they have undertaken.

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[illegible]

ATLANTIC CITY, BROADVIEW, Feb. 2, 1915.
De. Page, Dear Sir—I have been a great sufferer for the last twenty years of a disease called the "Gravel and stones." A Doctor by the name of Wm. G. Goetz, of this city, has cured me, and all have been a failure. I have purchased bottles of your balm or File Oil and I am cured.

Many other communications received, too numerous to publish.

THE NATIONALITIES.

"*Their origin, elements, history, responsibilities and destinies*." A Discourse by Wm. Goetz, delivered at the *Principia* of Dec. 7) is now on Transcript from our office, in *packages only*,—as follows:

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**GOD'S WAY OF CRUSHING THE REBEL-
ION.**

A sermon by Rev. Geo. R. Cheever, D.D., preached at the Church of the Puritans, Sept. 29, 1861, from
58. 6.

“...not this the fact that I have chosen? to
and to break of wickedness, and to let the oppressed
and that ye break every yoke?”

A limited supply of this able discourse, in
form, in our hands. Those who wish for copies
send soon.

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ceived, and for this an additional cent should be
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**THE GUILT OF SLAVERY AND THE CRIME
OF SLAVEHOLDING.**
Demonstrated from the Hebrew and Greek Scrip-
ture. By Rev. George B. Cheever, D.D., Pastor of the
Church of the Puritans.

For Sale at the Office of the Principia, 104
Street, New York. Price \$1. Postage 23 cents.

HOUSE FOR SALE.

In the city of Cambridge, Mass., a pleasant
situated roof, heated by furnace—and a pleasant
for a small family. A very small payment in
be required, and the balance can remain on mort-
gage. Further particulars can be obtained at
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In a pleasant village in New Hampshire,
barren, well-wooded and about an acre of land, will
be cheap to settle an estate. For further par-
ticulars of the Publisher of the Principia, 104
Street.

Family Miscellany.

From the Mt. Vernon (Iowa) Weekly News.

CLIMB THE MOUNTAIN.

Climb the mountain's rugged front!
 Wisdom, calling, calls thee now:
 More than laurel wreaths extending,
 To adorn the victor's brow.
 Glory waits the coming hero,
 Knowledge, honor, virtue, fame:
 In the ever swift tempo
 Write thyself a cherished name.

Climb the mountain's rugged front!
 Simple staff and state be thine:
 Nobler aims than Mecca's shrine
 Call to more noble Mecca's shrine.
 Mourn not at fate unseeing;
 Poor thy lot! unknown thy name!
 Names like thine are found recorded
 On the glorious scroll of fame.

Climb the mountain's rugged front!
 He who gains that summit high
 Must do noble acts of valor—
 Deeds for immortality.
 Hastening to the grand transcendent,
 Be "Excelsior" thy star:
 There a land of wealth and beauty
 Stretches to the eye afar!

Climb the mountain's rugged front!
 Like the coral of the main,
 Ever busy, ever toiling,
 "Founder of thy own domain."
 Patiently the hill ascending,
 What to thee its rugged steep?
 Upward labor—ever higher—
 Watch and toil, but never sleep.

Climb the mountain's rugged front!
 Though the briar, thistle, thorn,
 Assail thee in thy grand expanse,
 And thy heart incline to morn.
 Opposition e'er will meet thee;
 Heed not those who smile or frown:
 Noble aims and deed of daring
 Bring the conqueror renown.

Climb the mountain's rugged front!
 Be a true man, be thou free:
 Slavish doubt, and ease, and pleasure,
 Struggle labor for mastery.
 Thine must be a life laborious,
 Baniish sloth, and fear, and woe:
 Clouds may gather, storms assail thee,
 Thou shalt conquer every foe.

Climb the mountain's rugged front!
 Listen not to Circé's charms:
 Stern songs so sweetly singing,
 Only end in wild alarms.
 Rouse thee! stir thee! up and onward!
 Lest the wave of Lethe roll
 O'er thy memory forever—
 Dirges for a blighted soul.

Climb the mountain's rugged front!
 Learning of the stary host:
 Of the heaver, be, or enmet,
 Or the shell upon the coast.
 Nature speaks in all around thee:
 Dewy rose, and downy peach,
 Tree and shrub, rock, rill and river.
 All, important lessons teach!

Climb the mountain's rugged front!
 Profiting from good or ill:
 Making every thing a lesson,
 To the reason and the will.
 Victory on thy arm depending,
 Up! and battle for the right;
 Then upon thy God relying,
 He will aid thee in the night.

WHO ARE THE FREE?

BY JAMES R. LOWELL.

Men! whose boast it is that ye
 Come of fathers brave and true,
 If there breathe on earth a slave,
 Are ye truly free and brave?
 If ye do not feel the chain,
 When it works a brother's pain,
 Are ye not free slaves, indeed,
 Slaves unworthy to be freed?

Women! who shall one day bear
 Sons to breathe the New England air,
 If ye hear without a blush,
 Deeds to make the roused blood rush
 Like red lava through your veins,
 For your sisters now in chains—
 Answer! are ye fit to be
 Mothers of the brave and free?

Is true Freedom lost to break
 Fetters for our own dear sake,
 And with leathern bands, forget
 That we owe mankind a debt?
 No! true freedom is a chain,
 All the chains our brothers wear
 And with heart and hand, to be
 Earnest to make others free!

They are slaves who fear to speak
 For the fallen and the weak,
 They are slaves who will not choose
 Hatred, scolding, and abuse,
 Rather than in silence shrink
 From the truth they should think;
 They are slaves who dare not be
 In the right with two or three.

EACH MOTHER'S CHILD THE BEST.

I walked over the hills one day,
 I listened, and heard a mother-say:
 "In all the green world, no sweeter
 As my little lamb, with his nimble feet,
 With his eye so bright,
 And his wool so white;
 Oh, he is my darling, my heart's delight,
 My little lamb."

That sings on the tree,
 Dearly may that of his darlings four:
 But I love my little lambkin more.
 So the mother-say, and little one,
 Side by side, lay down in the sun,
 And they went to sleep on the hillside warm,
 While my little lambkin lies on my arm.

I went to the kitchen, and what did I see
 But the old gray cat and her kittens three?
 I heard her whispering soft, "Said she,
 My kittens, with tails curled and curled,
 Are the prettiest things there can be in the world.
 The bird in the tree,
 And the old ewe, she,
 May love their bellies exceedingly;
 But I love my kittens from morn to night;
 Which of the three, for the life of me,
 I love them all, the kittens I love,
 So I'll take up the kittens, the kittens I love,
 And we'll lie down together beneath the warm stove."

I went to the yard, and I saw the old hen
 Chucking about her chickens ten.
 And she chuckled, and she scratched, and she
 Bristled away.
 And what do you think I heard her say?
 I heard her say, "The new hen and her lay,
 On anything like to these chickens of mine;
 You may hunt the full moon and the stars, if you
 Please,
 But you never will find ten such chickens as these.
 The cat loves her kittens, the ewe loves her lambs,
 But they do not know what a proud mother I am;
 For I have not for kittens I want part with these,
 Though the sheep and the cat go down on their
 Knees,
 My dear downy darlings, my sweet little things,
 Come, nestle now cozily under my wings."

So the hen said,
 And the chickens peeped
 As fast as they could to their father hen;
 And there let them lie on their feathered warm,
 While my little chick lies here on my arm.

From the Christian Inquirer.

INDIAN SUMMER.

The spring with its beauty had glided away,
 The glory of summer, the glow and the gay,
 With its long sunny hours and its mantle of green,
 Its delicate flowers, and its breezes serene,
 They have passed from our dwellings; though
 Can one beautiful memory ever depart.

But lovely the light that comes in at our door,
 The soft, the Indian Summer that greets us once
 more;
 The skies are still radiant, though clouds float
 above,
 With the sunlight of hope, the sweet promise of
 love;
 While the bright autumn woods and the rich
 tinted flowers
 Throw a fairy-like charm o'er the hills and the
 bowers.

O spirit of autumn! thou speakest to me,
 In the soft, balmy air, about me—calm, soothing, and
 sweet—
 Heaven's silence above me, while the leaves at
 my feet,

All dying so meekly, in robes of rich hue,
 Are breathing of hours no gone from our view.
 What is it of thee, O magical power!
 Which lingers about me in this peaceful hour—
 Which fills the rapt soul with such low, mystic
 thrill,
 And wakes deep countenances, so holy and still,
 With the dim spirit-land, that now seemeth so
 near?
 We look and we listen—lo! heaven is here.

For the Principia.

AUNT RUTH'S PROPHECY.

BY MARIA GOODSELL FROST.

"Have you called on the bride?" asked
 Mrs. Gordon, of her friend, Mrs. Melbourne.
 "What bride?"
 "Why, Clara Edwards was married last
 week; you must have received her cards."

"Oh! yes, I have seen Clara; she is look-
 ing lovely, and so very happy. I think I never
 saw one to whom life opened so hopefully."

"Poor child!" sighed Mrs. Gordon, "she
 must descend from the regions of poetry and
 romance, to the realities of life. It is ever
 thus with those who have just crossed the
 Rubicon; they see nothing beyond the
 green and mossy banks of a silvered stream."

"A happy circumstance I think," said Mrs.
 Melbourne; "were it otherwise they would be
 unnerved by a weight of responsibility, that is
 lightened by a more gradual revelation."

"I do not know about that! I have had
 a serious talk with Clara, and I told her ex-
 actly what to expect. I told her that, in ten
 years, Ross would be as indifferent to her as
 other men are to their wives; that her virtues
 would be observed, while her faults alone
 would be observed. I told her that when cars
 multiplied, and sorrows came, she would feel
 the need of warmth and sympathy, and he
 would be the last to appreciate it."

"You surprise me! How could you throw
 a shadow over her bridal days?"

"Because I thought she had better be pre-
 pared for what must come: the quicker the in-
 jury is dispelled the better. These absurdly
 happy brides know nothing of life's trials—they
 look only for love and sympathy; a woman
 granted to woman merely in the years of bloom
 and beauty."

"I admit, freely, said Mrs. Melbourne,
 that the lover is usually lost in the husband,
 and that it is a sad and withering disappoint-
 ment to find ourselves nothing, where we had
 expected to be all in all. But then I would
 not discourage a friend at the outset. Let her
 make the experiment, and enjoy all of life that
 hope and youthful charms can confer. When
 the struggle comes, Clara will be stronger and
 braver for it, if she is true to duty."

"Duty is a harsh word," Mrs. Melbourne; "it
 is easier to employ it, than to follow its dic-
 tates. What, I ask, is life, but a routine of
 distasteful drudgery, if happiness is to be en-
 tirely ignored, and duty alone is left us?"

"Perhaps we housekeepers are in danger
 of narrow views of life. There is unquestion-
 ably a larger, broader sentiment, that may af-
 ford us abundant consolation."

"Do you think so?" said Mrs. Gordon with
 a brightening smile. "I hope you can make it
 appear, I shall be so glad to find a sunny
 side."

"I may not be able to satisfy your mind;
 you look very curious to know my panacea for
 these ills of life; do not imagine a sugar-coat-
 ed pill to be swallowed in happy unconscious-
 ness of the bitterness within."

"Oh no! I only hope that, like too many of
 our patent medicines, the remedy will not be
 worse than the disease."

"It lies in my theology; or rather, my re-
 ligious principles."

"Ah! you are going beyond my depth. I
 know nothing of theology."

"A large part of God's great plan with
 woman, whatever it may be with man, is a
 stern discipline of petty, unremitting cares,
 mingled with heart throbs of love and joy, of
 grief and hope, so strangely that we are prone
 to feel that each love life is but to lead us in
 to the meshes of some new web of sorrow."

Our children, so usually beautiful, are often
 snatched from us, or, if they live, we must see
 them thrown into the crucible, that they too
 may become purified by trial. So that we are
 led to exclaim, "Add any thing to my cup,
 but Oh! spare my children; let their path-
 way be smooth, and thornless, and I will call
 nothing hard or difficult!" But the Lord has
 not chosen to deal with us thus, nor has he
 left it for us to point the way. Let us take
 his plan cheerfully and trustingly, and the
 kingdom of God within will lead far above
 these adverse circumstances, into that higher
 life for which the spirit is ever longing."

The young lady whose marriage gave rise to
 this conversation, was the bride of a handsome
 and talented lawyer, who, although not wealthy,
 had every prospect of becoming so, as far
 as outward appearances indicated. Clara Ed-
 wards was looked upon by many envious eyes,
 as carrying off the greatest matrimonial prize;
 at once the handsomest and most talented young
 man in R—.

The fine intellectual endowments,
 and winning manners of the bride, united
 to a man of Henry Ross's position, gave promise
 to a world of happy domestic happiness. But
 Clara was a house plant reared in the atmos-
 phere of genial smiles and loving hearts. No
 rough blast had ever swept over her gentle
 form, and none but kind words had ever pass-
 ed her lips. So that from the home circle it
 was taking its dearest treasure, and from the
 social scenes of R—the brightest, fairest star.

"Clara," said Mr. Edwards to his daugh-
 ter, the day after the wedding, "you will carry
 away from me enough of sunshine to light
 your husband's hearth; you have been to us a
 good daughter, and with I am sure make a
 good wife."

"I shall certainly try to do all my duty," said
 Clara, with a smile that indicated no fear of
 its success.

"I have but little to bestow upon you as
 a parting gift, but enough to furnish a small
 house plainly."

"It is more than I expected, and more I
 fear than you can well spare."

"You will need it all, so take it, child, with
 father's blessing and prayer for your welfare
 and happiness."

Clara's eyes filled, and she was turning away
 to hide the tears, while her father hastened
 from the room to conceal his own emotions.
 Just then her mother's voice from above called
 Clara, and she hastened to answer the sum-
 mons. Mrs. Edwards stood by two large pic-
 tures of well assorted bedding, which, in company
 with her maiden sister, she was solemnly con-
 sidering.

"Now," said she, "Clara, your aunt Ruth
 and I have made as nearly as possible, an

equal division of these articles, and we want
 you to make your choice."

"Oh! mother, I am sure I shall never have
 use for half those things."

"Just like a gal now!" said aunt Ruth,
 "there ain't nigh so many as your ma had when
 she got her settin' out. You are going a long
 way from us, Clara, and you can't tell what
 your future wants may be."

"One of these I keep for myself," said Mrs.
 Edwards; "those blankets your aunt Ruth
 wore and spun for me years ago, I thought
 you would prize them for her sake, although
 they are looking yellow now; and there is that
 old blue counterpane, one of your aunt's house-
 hold goods. The other spreads are new, and
 that pair of soft blankets."

"Thank you mother, but I can see no choice;
 it is of no consequence; put up any thing you
 please, I shall value any thing in my new
 home that savors of the old."

"So you will, Clara," said aunt Ruth,
 "you'll be cryin' over 'em one of these days, I'll
 warrant."

"Every one prophesies tears for me," said
 the hopeful Clara. Mrs. Gordon called on me
 this morning, and she poured out a sad tale of
 the infidelity of husbands, and the trials of
 wives."

"Well, Clara, I'm glad you; you mustn't
 be settin' your hopes too high, or puttin' your
 trust in man; for as sure as you do, the Lord
 he will be a tryin' of you; he never lets none
 of his little flock go to settin' up earthly idols,
 but what they have to be destroyed. It's es-
 pecially dangerous to set your heart on man—
 the most unstable bed in creation."

A twinkle of mingled unbelief and mirth
 glistened in Clara's eyes, while her tell-tale
 face, revealed the perfect simplicity and trust-
 fulness of her untutored heart.

"Clara," continued her aunt, "I have a
 mind to give you a bit of advice, because you
 know we ought to take good advice, whoever
 it comes from. Sit down by me a minute,
 child, here on these boxes, cos it ain't no way
 likely you'll ever see old aunt Ruth again; you
 are going away out to Michigan, among the
 bears and injuns, and may be you will remem-
 ber my words after I'm dead and gone. It's
 just this, Clara," said aunt Ruth, gestulating
 solemnly, and laying her withered hand on the
 fair shoulder of the bride, "look out how you
 begin; just as you begin you've got to hold
 out. You begin to do your work, you'll always
 have it to do to it, mind that now! and it
 won't always be so easy, but he'll never know
 it is any thing—wot even think of it. I
 know your heart is set on him, Clara, and it
 ain't no wonder, for he is a dreadful handsome
 man, but that's no sign you should kill your-
 self. Don't begin to wait on him, cos you can't
 wait, and he'll never wait on you. Let him
 hang up his own coat and hat, and put away
 his slippers himself. To be sure now you
 are young and nimble you can run and do it,
 and love to, and expect he's a going to love
 you for it, but he never will know but its his
 right, and your privilege—ain't it so Abby?"

asked aunt Ruth of Mrs. Edwards, who was
 busied in arranging sheets and pillow cases for
 Clara, and in turning over drawers to see if
 any thing more could be spared for the bride's
 outfit.

"There is more truth than poetry in what
 you say," said the anxious mother.

"I thought you put by Clara's things before
 the wedding," said Ruth.

"So I thought too, but I have been look-
 ing them over before packing them into these
 boxes, to see if any thing had been forgotten."

"If there was more table linen and towel-
 ing it would be better," said aunt Ruth, ris-
 ing and proceeding to the table, where the ar-
 ticles were piled. "There's some of it in my
 chest if it ain't spoiled; and it ain't no way
 likely I shall ever change my condition. Clara
 might as well have the hull."

"You have not seen her silver; it is very
 nice," said her mother, opening a blue box,
 where the glittering ware lay upon a roll of
 cotton; "there! James bought that for her."

Aunt Ruth lifted up her hands in wonder.
 "What a settin' out that is! spoons and forks
 why Clara you'll have things in style, sure
 enough."

"Brother James is very kind; it is a gift
 that I can always keep," said Clara, in a
 pleased tone.

"Where is my wife?" cried a voice from
 the hall, as the proud young husband jumped
 up the stairs, three steps at a time, in search
 of Clara.

"You haven't got her yet," said aunt Ruth.
 "So you say, aunt Ruth, but I can tell you
 there are ladies and gentlemen in the par-
 lor inquiring for Mrs. Ross."

"There, aunt Ruth, I must go," said Clara.
 "That's a dear child," said her aunt, as
 she left the room. "I couldn't help now, a
 thought of the sight of difference between her
 and Jennie Carlton. When Jennie was mar-
 ried she must have her sky blue silk to receive
 calls in, and her green silk traveling dress, and
 her morris' dress, with nobody knows how
 many yards of ribbon and lace, made up into
 them little stars, and spangled all over it."

"Rosette's," said Mrs. Edwards.
 "Well, rossetts; and then her wedding
 gown they said cost fifty dollars, and when
 her pa said 'there Jennie, is a hundred dol-
 lars to get your wedding things,' says Jennie,
 'why, pa, that is not a beginning.' But Clara
 now is different, and I can't help thinking and
 feelin' somehow as if Ross ain't quite good
 enough for Clara. The fact is, Abby, I have
 my fears."

"Why, Ruth, he is called a very talented
 man, and he certainly might have married any
 lady he chose."

"Don't care a fig for that, if he ain't got
 the faculty, and his opinion he ain't—these
 dashin' men ain't apt to have it—he
 won't be deservin' of such a wife as she will
 make him," and aunt Ruth threw down her
 metal spectacle case with great vehemence.

"I hope he will be kind to her; I know
 she will be faithful to him. There now, these
 things are all arranged at last," and Mrs. Ed-
 wards turned from the room, dashing the hot
 tears from her eyes, as she passed into her own
 chamber to give vent to the fullness of her
 pent up heart.

The eccentric aunt Ruth was but a half-sis-
 ter of Mrs. Edwards, and had been to her in
 many respects as a mother, for her own mother
 had died when she was quite a child, leav-
 ing the care of the household in the hands of
 her aunt, who had been a most faithful character
 ever described.

(To be continued.)

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN'S ACCOUNT OF THORWALDSEN, AND BYRON.

FROM THE STORY OF "MY LIFE."

In honor of Thorwaldsen, a musical-poetical
 academy was established, and the poets who
 were invited to it by Hans Christian Andersen
 each wrote a poem in praise of him, and I re-
 turned. I wrote on Jason, who fetched the golden fleece,
 viz. Jason Thorwaldsen, who went forth to
 win golden art. A banquet and a ball closed
 the festival, at which, for the first time in Den-
 mark, popular life and a great interest in the
 realm of art were evinced. From this evening
 I saw Thorwaldsen almost daily in society,
 and in his studio; I often spent several weeks
 in succession with him at Nybo, where he seem-
 ed to have taken firm root, and where most of
 his works executed in Denmark had their
 origin. His was a healthful, fresh turn of
 mind, not devoid of humor, on which account
 Holberg the poet was one to whom he was
 very much attached; in the troubles and dis-
 turbances of his life he was not at all un-
 equal to him. One morning at Nybo—he was just work-
 ing at his own statue—I entered, and bade
 him good morning; he seemed to be unwilling
 to notice me, and I stole out softly. At
 breakfast he was rather silent, and when he
 was asked to say something, he said, in his
 own dry way, "I have this morning spoken
 more than in many days together, but no one
 has listened to me; here I stand and think
 that Andersen is better than I, for he is a poet
 morning, and I told him a long story about a
 matter which had to do with Byron. I thought
 that one word might have been said in reply;
 I turned myself around, and there I stood more
 than an hour, and chattered about before the
 empty walls." We all begged him to relate
 the story once more, but he got it very short.

That, however, I was not to be deterred
 about to make Byron's statue; he placed him-
 self opposite to me, but immediately commenced
 to put on an entirely different countenance
 from that which was usual to him. "Will you
 not sit still?" said I; "but you must not make
 these faces." "That is my expression," said
 Byron. "Indeed!" said I; and then I made
 him sit as I wished, and every one said, when he
 wearily sat there, "here I stand and think
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